



# Tattersall's Club Magazine



*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 10. December, 1943.





# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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Established 14th May,  
1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET  
SYDNEY

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ALL the things that shouldn't be happening at Christmastide, in the true spirit of the season, are happening all over the world. There has never been a holocaust more horrifying. How did it happen?

The world went wrong. Men and women became rich in material possessions, but remained poor in spiritual reserves. Many believed that debts were met wholly through the medium of money. They could not see that society was still owed an obligation payable only in moral currency.

Hitler and Mussolini cashed in on that market. The only way to resist them, the democracies discovered, was to regain their own souls. So we have had an enunciation of the Four Freedoms as a base for rebuilding the shattered world and restoring to mankind all that the spirit of Christmas expresses—peace and goodwill, of which the democracies always have been the exemplars.

Let us dedicate our thoughts at Christmastide to Australia's sons and daughters who in the theatres of war are speeding the season when we will be able again to hail one another with the old greeting—"A Merry Christmas"—and let us express gratitude to them and their comrades-in-arms for our deliverance.

Vol. 16—No. 10.

December, 1943.



# The Club Man's Diary

DECEMBER, BIRTHDAYS.—  
2nd, Mr. E. C. Murray; 7th, Mr. F. Z. Eager; 8th, Mr. E. A. S. Watt; 10th, Mr. A. J. McDowell; 12th, Mr. W. Gourley; 13th, Mr. E. S. Pratt; 17th, Mr. E. D. Crowhurst; 19th, Mr. John T. Jennings; 20th, Mr. E. W. King; 25th, Mr. W. S. Sherman; 26th, Mr. J. Blume; 28th, Mr. M. Gearin and Dr. A. S. Reading; 29th, Mr. E. J. Hazell; 30th, Mr. C. S. Brice.

\* \* \*

## BEST SPRINT OF ALL TIME.

Greatest pedestrian sprint race of all time was described by South African Dr. Cecil Alport, now resident in Egypt, wrote Richard Hughes, "Daily Telegraph" war correspondent, in a despatch from Cairo. He added:

In a sporting page lead in "The Egyptian Gazette" he told how he saw Australian Jack Donaldson ("The Blue Streak") beat his famous compatriot, Arthur Postle ("The Crimson Flash") and American Halway in a triangular match at Johannesburg (South Africa) in 1910.

Halway was world professional 100 yards champion at the time.

Donaldson won by two and a half yards in 9 $\frac{3}{8}$  sec., Postle clocking 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  sec., with Halway a yard behind, he said.

Donaldson's time has never been bettered.

"Postle ran with a low, raking stride; Donaldson with his knees high, in perfect rhythm," Dr. Alport recalls.

"At 50 yards Postle led the American by a yard and a half, with Donaldson another yard farther back.

"Then, by an extraordinary optical illusion, we thought that Postle and Halway had faltered.

"Donaldson unwound such a paralyzing burst of speed that he literally leapt past them.

"For the flicker of an eyelash there appeared to be only one man moving."

\* \* \*

We express our personal and official regret at the passing of Mr. Gus Mooney, who had been chairman of City Tattersall's Club for many

years. Gus, as everybody called him, had a charitable nature and a benevolent outlook on the world of his fellow men. His memory will be evergreen where sportsmen foregather.

\* \* \*

## MY NEIGHBOUR

*The gentleman who lives next door  
Comes in to visit me,  
And weighty questions we discuss  
The while we drink our tea:*

*"What makes fleas always bother dogs?"*

*"Don't cats have funny eyes?"*

*"Do all the other birdies know*

*That owls are very wise?"*

*"Do grubworms curl themselves up tight*

*So they can warm their feet?"*

*"What makes the onions smell so queer,*

*And roses smell so sweet?"*

*"Which do you think you'd rather be,*

*A toad-frog or a sheep?"*

*"Do little fishes close their eyes*

*And snuggle down to sleep?"*

*The gentleman who lives next door,  
Although he's only three,  
Discloses my vast ignorance  
Each time he visits me.*

—Signiora Laune.

\* \* \*

Billy Longworth's absence from the club was due to his having had a session in hospital. His many pals, including the gallery attracted when he takes up his cue to yield handicaps, will be happy to hear that this good fellow is on the road to complete recovery.

The fact that he had lost touch temporarily with club friends should not be accepted as an indication that he has lost touch with his cue. Challengers are hereby warned. A hearty welcome was accorded Billy on his re-appearance in the club.

\* \* \*

The passing of Ernie Jones, famous South Australian and Test fast bowler of the 'nineties, recalls an incident in a match against Queensland on the old 'Gabba ground where, incidentally, the Maroons played many red-blooded football games against

the Blues under the Union code. The Chairman of Tattersall's Club, among others, will not have forgotten the Maroons' war cry: "Woolongabba, Woolongabba, rah-rah-rah!"

On the occasion of this cricket match, Queensland's fast bowler, Tot Higgins, a massive six-footer — on a par with Ironmonger as a batsman — faced up to the bowling of Jones. The crowd held its breath as the South Australian raced to the wicket to launch his bolt. Woosh!

Tot Higgins leapt higher than the handle of the bat, balancing on it, Cinquevalli-like, with one hand. The ball deflected from the bat and sped, lightning-like, to the pickets. Crash! A perfect stroke.

Higgins looked in the direction of the crash, then toward Jones, who was doubled-up with laughter. The crowd roared. Now, as Victor Daley wrote:

*And gently over all is drawn*

*The quiet curtain of the grass.*

But memories burst through in evergreen memory.

Again, Daley:

*What days they were, do you forget? . . .*

\* \* \*

Reverting to Ironmonger: a Sydney sporting writer, noting that the Test bowler's son was now playing senior grade cricket, mentioned Ironmonger's weakness in batting and in fielding. Forgotten was Ironmonger's sensational catch that robbed Larwood of his century in a Test match in Sydney.

The English express had hit up 97 when he slammed one in the direction of Ironmonger, usually treated by the Australian captain as a "protected industry" in placing the field. Ironmonger put down his hands to save a vital spot — and the ball stuck there, in his cupped hands!

\* \* \*

First-night review of a stage play by an eminent American critic:

"Caroline had to make her entrance through falling over a precipice and landing upside down in a bush, her skirts covering her head and thereby exposing other anatomical details.

The plot evolved around the idea that a strolling painter was to rescue



Caroline from her embarrassment, and that while she could glimpse the painter's face, all he could glimpse of her was everything but her face. So the two knew each other "by sight"—but by contrasting sight—and on that basis they got acquainted and, in the last act, decently married.

\* \* \*

Two recent examples of philosophy:—

Prime Minister John Curtin, opening a dog show, said he wished humans, sitting on certain councils he knew had even half the wisdom of the sheep dogs he had seen at work.

A sixteen-year-old boy who sat for the Leaving Certificate: "The examiners set out to discover, not what you know, but what you don't know."

\* \* \*

Leslie Haylen, M.H.R., referred in "The Standard" to Spence's History of the A.W.U. and to the memories it awakened among parliamentarians. George Martens, M.H.R., was quoted as always having a story about the early days of the A.W.U. in Queensland, and Leslie Haylen added:

Best story of George Martens is of Ah You, a Chinese storekeeper, in the North, who was a friend of the shearers.

Ah You married an Irish girl and had a family of beautiful daughters—all good musicians. Clara the eldest was particularly talented on the violin, the instrument her father liked best of all. After a tiring day in the store, when a strike was in progress, and feeling was high, Ah You would close the shops, shuffle into the sitting room at the back, and call out to his daughter:

"Come on, Clara. It's been a terrible day. Play the 'Wearing o' the Green' and break your old father's heart."

\* \* \*

"My galah parrot has taken to eating his feathers. What can be done?" asks an enquirer of a Sydney newspaper. One reply advised: Rub vaseline well into the feathers."

*First catch your galah!*

\* \* \*

They chart the weather comprehensively in the U.S.A. Apart from sunrise, sunset and moonrise times, the morning stars are named. Wind velocity is stated. Temperatures

hourly for 24 hours are given. Amid a wealth of other detail this appears—"Pollen Count: For 24 hours ended at 3 p.m. yesterday 48 grams per cubic yard of air."—evidently to inform the sneezers and the wheezers. Only item missing is the condition of the race track (hourly readings).

\* \* \*

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, has "passed as an

## AFFILIATED CLUBS

**Century Club**, Panama, U.S.A.

**Denver Athletic Club**, Denver, U.S.A.

**Lake Shore Club of Chicago**, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

**Los Angeles Athletic Club**, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles Athletic Club:—

Pacific Coast Club.

Hollywood Athletic Club.

Riviera Country Club.

Santa Monica Deauville Club.

**Olympic Club**, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

**New York Athletic Club**, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

**Terminal City Club**, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

**The San Diego Club**, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

interpreter" for the American forces. He claimed on his return to London from the U.S.A. that he had learned American from Hollywood. "It is an Allied command I am going to," he said, "and it is a great help to have learned the language in my experience with American film executives."

\* \* \*

Australian horses have no particular claims to longevity records; perhaps it's the climate. Have heard of plenty up to 40, and one, a cream, that I saw on a Muswellbrook (New South Wales) property had, according to its owner's claims, been ridden by three generations over 46 years. But the world's record easily goes to England. The skeleton of a horse that lived to 76 is, according to "Brown's Modern Farriery," in the Birmingham Museum. — "The Bulletin."

Exactly what did Nelson's signal at Trafalgar spell out? There have been so many versions. Rear-Admiral Muirhead-Gould should know. On the 138th anniversary of Trafalgar, when the Navy put on a show in Martin Place, the signal flown was: "England expects every officer and man to do his duty this day."

Tenors who protest that it should have been: "England expects that every man this day will do his duty" are referred to the Rear-Admiral.

\* \* \*

At a Nottingham auction in aid of charity two bottles of whisky realised £104.—("Fact," supplement to the "Sunday Sun," writes.)

Taken from an old, well-matured stock, they had been given by the Duke of Portland. Said the auctioneer: "*It is the kind of whisky that makes old men dream dreams and young men see visions.*" The whisky came from the cellars of the Duke's Welbeck Abbey, where once Australia's champion racehorse, Carbine, was stabled.

\* \* \*

A recent cable informed us that the great screen hero, Errol Flynn, had abandoned the legal action he started three years ago against an authoress who alleged that Flynn had cut himself with a penknife while visiting Spain during the Civil War and then claimed that he had been wounded at the battlefield.

A story was published at the time that Flynn had been wounded, but a later communique conveyed that a piece of masonry had fallen from a partially wrecked building on to the actor's head. . . . His feelings were wounded.

\* \* \*

Recently I wrote of the daily Press addiction to such potent stuff as "major miracles" and "superbly good gallops," and the radio's blurbly "very, very excellent effort." Notice was directed to Sir John Squire's chiding of an author for having crashed in with "amazing" when he might have employed "remarkable."

This black-market hyperbole is making ordinarily steady intellects lurch. Will Ashton, director of the National Art Gallery, recently described the drawings of a rope worker as "absolutely amazing." Otherwise, "remarkable."

(Continued on Page 5.)





RED CROSS

# ART UNION RACE MEETING

To be held on Randwick Racecourse

## SATURDAY, 11th DECEMBER, 1943

### THE COMBINED SERVICES' TRIAL HANDICAP.

(For Horses Five-Years-Old and under.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £4 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Greater Union Theatres Pty. Ltd.)

### THE VOLUNTARY AIDS' HANDICAP.

(For Two-year-Olds.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

FIVE FURLONGS.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Consolidated Press.)

### THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HANDICAP.

(For Three-Year-Olds.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

ONE MILE.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Tattersall's Club.)

### THE A.I.F. QUALITY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Highest handicap weight, 9st. 5lb. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Associated Newspapers and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bancks.)

### THE RED CROSS CUP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £750 added and a Silver Trophy valued at 200 Guineas, presented by Messrs. Viner & Hall. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Allied and Associated Liquor Trades.)

### THE DIGGERS' HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st.

ONE MILE.

(Prize Money kindly donated by "The Sydney Morning Herald.")

### CONDITIONS.

ENTRIES closed on Monday, 29th November.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th December, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, A.J.C., Sydney, ONLY at 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th December.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (unless otherwise provided) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance. **No race will be divided.**

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule of Racing 50.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above Races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney

GEO. T. ROWE } Joint Hon.  
T. T. MANNING } Secretaries.



# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Before we beign to laugh let us remember that a similar quiz undertaken in Sydney would find many placing Captain Cook as the original licensee of a hotel near the Sports Ground. Taken into British history not a few would confuse the Battle of Trafalgar with the racehorse of that name.

\* \* \*

Recent controversy in the Press as to whether in school days left-handers should be switched over to right-handers, or allowed to stay put, recalled a story told in the "Daily Mirror" by Ossie Imber. In 1925, Jack Munro, then Stadium manager, said he would not match Havilah Uren, a southpaw, against Billy Grime unless Uren undertook to wage the contest in the orthodox left-hand-forward style. Uren replied in Sydney "Sportsman":—

"Dear Mr. Munro,—Since our last conversation I have assiduously endeavoured to alter my right side to a left side—as suggested by you.

"I have sugared my tea at every meal with my left hand and so far have scalded one cat to death by upsetting a cup.

"I always shake hands with my left, too, in the hope that rushing out to meet a friend with the left instead of the right will get me in to the habit of leading with that arm"—as suggested by you.

"I find that by applying my mind religiously to this all-round change-over that I can now confidently wear my boots on my hands and smoke my cigarettes with my toes.

"So if it is novelty you want in the matter of a match between myself and Grime why not go the whole hog and sign articles calling on me to wear the gloves on my feet?

"I would be pleased, though, Mr. Munro, if you would decide one way or the other as the continual looking to the left with my right eye and vice versa is making me cross-eyed.

"Thanking you, I remain your on the wrong foot.—Havilah Uren.

"P.S.—Please excuse the writing, as this letter was written with my left hand."

Go to Toowoomba to-day, nearly 40 years after, and the grandchildren of the men who saw Charlie Redwood play football for Toowoomba against Brisbane and for Queensland against N.S.W. will tell you that "there was never a player so good."

Redwood was a natural footballer, like Dally Messenger, lacking the New South Welshman's genius, but still a great player who would have



The Red Cross Cup.

been greater had his lot been cast among greater players and in greater spectacles. Redwood had all the equipment, including sure kicking, and was one of the very few with a swerve, in my recollection. Writers who don't know better have credited dodgers with swerving, but the dinkum swervers are rare as radium.

Incidentally, Redwood was related to the famous N.Z. Archbishop of that name.

(Continued on Page 7.)

## ONCE IN A WAY

You think they ever finish up as winners

And with their well-stuffed satchels homeward go,

Exultantly reflecting on the "skinners"

They've had, to keep their honest hearts aglow

And give an added flavor to their dinners.

But bear in mind it isn't always so.

From time to time, it seems, there come their ways

What you might designate Black Saturdays.

Now and again, a par. like this discloses,

They score no favors from the fickle gods

Of chance. It isn't always roses, roses,

And bags that bulge with crisp and crackling wads

For indefatigable Isaac Moses,

The chap who lays the field and brays the odds.

Once in a while his fate's to miss the bus,

The same as us, my sons, the same as us.

When well-backed favorites bring home the bacon,

Race after race, from some outsider's clutch,

When more and more is from his keeping taken

For laying So-and-so or Such-and-such,

You mustn't picture him unnerved and shaken,

Discouraged and dispirited. Not much.

Our pencillers are made, it's clear enough,

Of tougher fibre and of sterner stuff.

You'll find them doubtless at their old addresses

When next you go a-racing, none the worse.

For one brief period of financial stresses

They'll voice no grumbles and no dudgeon nurse.

To set against habitual successes

What matters an occasional reverse?

Be sure, however feasible it looks, That in the end there's none may beat the books.

PIPARDS in "The Bulletin."





# A NIGHT OUT

## FOR THE TROOPS ★

Members and their ladies are invited to happily rendezvous at the Club House on our next Big Carnival Night . . .

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16th**  
in aid of Tattersall's Club War Charities.

★ From the proceeds the following Institutions will benefit:

**THE ANZAC BUFFET**  
**PRISONERS OF WAR FUND**  
**ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL HUT**  
**ST. MARY'S HUT AND C.U.S.A. NAVAL HUT**  
**WOMEN'S ALL SERVICES CANTEEN**  
**THE AMERICAN CENTER**

Prizes for players will be available in quantity and quality and a string shopping bag, concealed in purse or pocket, suggests itself as a handy accessory for carrying home the reinforcements.

Steam will be up at 7 p.m., and the pot will be kept boiling until whistle-blow at "say when"!

Yours for a night out with a kick in it!

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

Put a circle around  
it now — **THURSDAY,**  
**DECEMBER 16th, 1943**



## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

A Sydney newspaper referred to the Langford-McVea contests in Sydney as "epics of the fistic art." That's stretching it. McVea was mortally afraid of little Sam. In their first contest, which McVea won on points, he contented himself with leading a left to Langford's head and rushing to a clinch. So it went on until Langford developed a swelling the size of a cricket ball over his right eye. Snowy Baker's decision for McVea was disputed, but the verdict was considered correct.

For a man Jack Johnson was supposed to have sidestepped, Langford was a disappointment as a boxer or a fighter in that first contest. Had McVea been able to shed his terror he should have done Langford to a frazzle. When they met again, Langford was better seasoned, and McVea, still inhibited by fear, was outboxed and outfought. Neither contest was epical.

On the showings of McVea and Langford, neither would have defeated Darcy, built up to a stronger fighting weight; that is heavier than the middleweight limit. Darcy was fast outgrowing the middleweight limit when he left for America.

\* \* \*

George Chip, about whom there was a screed recently in a Sydney newspaper, was knocked cold by Darcy who, having baulked the American into throwing a right haymaker, crossed with his right, a perfect punch. When the count had

been concluded Chip remained prone. He was half-carried, half-dragged, to his corner, snoring.

When Chip failed to respond to rubbing and dousings with water, red-headed Patsy Brannigan, tears streaming, cried: "F'r th' luv o' Mike, Georgie boy, please wake up, will ye?" But Chip snored on, and hadn't thoroughly regained his bearings when helped from the ring. I was a close-up spectator of the scene, having been placed in the Press seat nearest Chip's corner.

\* \* \*

Patsy Brannigan accompanied George and Joe Chip to Australia. Patsy couldn't box for nuts, but he had the Irish ardor for scrapping, and his bright companionship and genuine friendship were worth much to the Chips.

Joe Chip defeated Dave Smith, but Dave had then passed his prime. "One of the epics of the fistic art" would have been provided by Dave Smith at his best opposed to Jeff Smith, the man who outboxed even the brilliant Clabby, but who apparently preferred to foul Darcy rather than match his boxing skill against the Australian's ruggedness. Jeff Smith's fouling of Darcy and Billy Papke's fouling of Dave Smith were frightful acts, even though they may be regarded as misadventures in the mellowing years.

\* \* \*

C. T. B. Turner, rated with Englishman Barnes, as "the greatest bowler of all time," was 81 on November 16. When he was 19 he captured 17 wickets at four runs apiece in two innings when playing for Bathurst, his native town, against Shaw and Shrewsbury's English XI. That was in 1881. Later, he became famous as "The Terror" and as the right-hand half of the right-left hand Turner-Ferris partnership, which I have heard oldsters at the Sydney Cricket Ground describe as "the greatest Australian bowling combination of all."

Turner in his heyday is only a tradition to me. I first saw him about 1897 in Brisbane when, as a boy, I

was taken to see an Australian XI play the English team of which Ranji was a member. Turner would have been 35 then and playing first-class cricket for 17 years. I have a lively memory of his succession of maiden overs. Men around me were saying: "Remarkable for one so old." Yet he was old only in terms of playing years.

A man who is now 74 told me that he was 17 when he saw Ferris playing with the Orientals in Moore Park. That would be in 1883. This man said that he had been a school-mate of Ferris at the Sacred Heart, Darlinghurst, and that "Ferris was always a very proud fellow, but a fine sportsman."

\* \* \*

When the English team of 1897 went to Toowoomba, Ranji was clean bowled for a duck by a left-hander named Cuffe. He was famous ever afterwards. When, many years later, I went from Brisbane to the capital of the Darling Downs to report a football match between a local fifteen and the Queensland representative team returning from Sydney, a small boy pointed out Cuffe to me and said: "That's the bloke who bowled Ranji for a duck!"

**TATTERSALL'S CLUB**

**SUPPORTS**

**73**

**AUSTRALIAN**

**PRISONERS OF WAR**

**Quickly  
Clears  
Dandruff**

Dandruff goes after a few applications of McMahon's. It makes the scalp clean and fresh . . . banishes scurf, itching and dryness . . . prevents falling hair.

**Obtainable from Chemists,  
Hairdressers and Stores.**

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd.,  
Sydney.

**McMahon's** FOR  
HAIR  
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# THE *Prudential*

**ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED**  
(Incorporated in England)

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN  
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF  
NATIONS.

- Over £100,000,000 subscribed to Government War Loans since the outbreak of war.
- Over 12,000 members of the Staff are in the Forces.

G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I., General Manager for Australia and N.Z.  
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Life Assurance — Fire — Accident — Marine Insurance.

## The Custodian of YOUR FAMILY'S FUTURE

THE BURDENS ARE GREAT; THE RISKS MANY.

Now-a-days no considerate man appoints a friend as sole Executor and Trustee under his Will. The burden is too great, the risks too many.

Far better to appoint Perpetual Trustee Company Limited. If it be desired to link the friend up as counsellor, by all means appoint him as Co-trustee with the Company that is so well equipped to bear burdens of responsibility; that can guarantee a continuity of sound administration of your Estate based on 57 years' experience.

Write for a copy of "Your Executor and Trustee," that explains the Company's service and what it costs.

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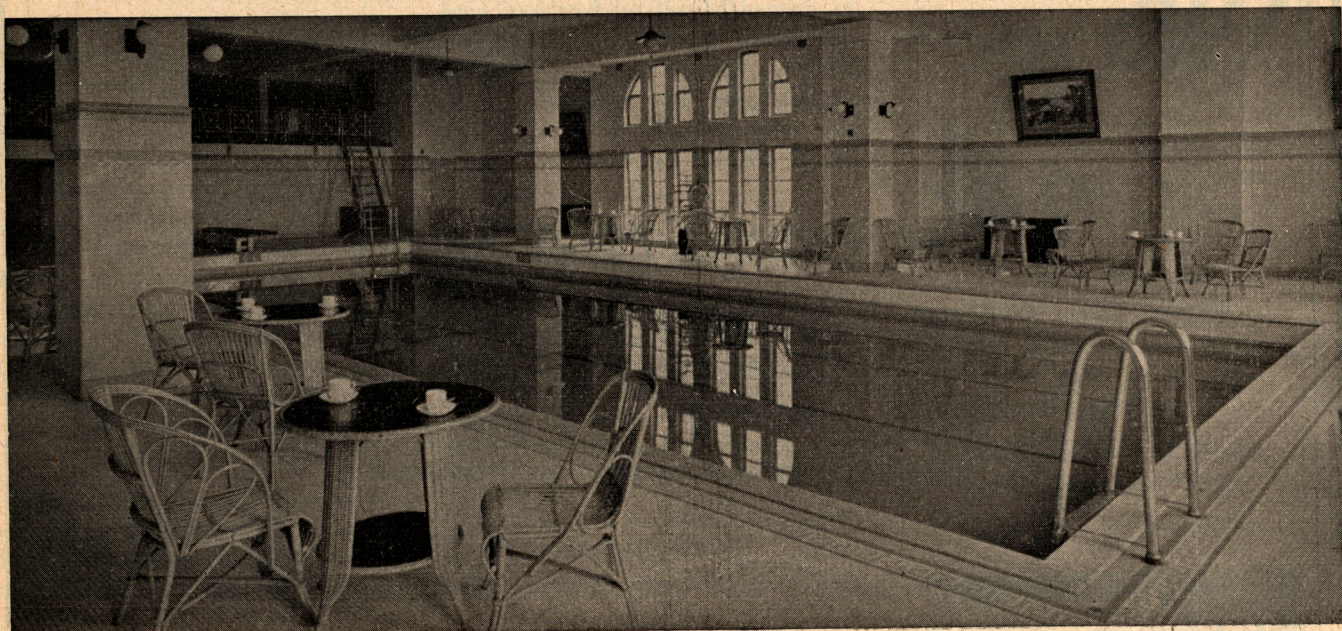
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# SNOKER

HOW THE GAME ORIGINATED — SOMETHING ABOUT THE CLAIMANTS FOR ITS INVENTION — MANY BIG NAMES IN THE ARGUMENT.

How many members have the foggiest idea of how the game of snooker came into being. There are several claimants for its invention, but the game has gone through many changes since its inception and it is generally conceded that Frank Smith, Senr., ex-Australian billiard champion, was "father" of the pastime when he introduced it into the Victorian Club in 1877.

Frank states he added extra balls (colours) to the pyramid reds to enable wider scope for players of Shell-out. Later, in company with Mr. Alcock, of the well known Melbourne billiards firm, certain rules were drawn up for a new game. Smith declares the word snooker was selected because members of the Indian Army used to refer to anyone ambushed as being "snookered," and the explanation seems apt.

Webster's and Oxford dictionaries, however, do not support. Both refer to a "snook" as a sniff; to search out; to follow by scent. On the other hand "snooker" was the soubriquet at Royal Military Academy, Woolwich (Eng.) for a newly-joined cadet.

A claim for the invention of the new game was made on behalf of the late Lord Kitchener, who was stated to have drawn up the rules whilst at Ootacamund, but no less a personage than General Sir Ian Hamilton contradicted the claim on July 11, 1938, in a public statement. He pointed out that Lord Kitchener did not visit India until many years after the game had been established.

There are substantial grounds for the claims of Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, who certainly drew up certain rules for snooker while at Jubbulpore in 1875. Sir Neville at the time was a subaltern and was anxious to improve the game of Black

Pool, which was played over long sessions in the mess billiard room during rainy seasons. He added an extra colour ball and, later, others also made their appearance.

Sir Neville, with regard to the naming of the pastime, is recorded as follow:—

"The term was a new one to me, but I soon had an opportunity of exploiting it when one of our party failed to pocket a colour ball which was close to a corner pocket. I called out to him: 'Why, you're a regular snooker!'

"I had to explain to the company the definition of the word, and, to soothe the feelings of the culprit, I added that we were all, so to speak, snookers at the game, so it would be very appropriate to call the game snooker. The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm and the game has been called snooker ever since."

The news of the new game soon reached England from India and an English professional cueist who had been imported by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar to give that worthy billiards lessons, made inquiry as to the rules. The Maharajah suggested he confer with Sir Neville, who was present at the time, "as HE is the inventor."

The professional, according to the knight, was either John Roberts or W. Cook.

When the subject of the real inventor came up for discussion about six years back there were many who stepped forward with alacrity to justify the claims of Sir Neville.

Major-General W. A. Watson, Colonel of the Central India Horse (his old regiment) wrote:

"I have a clear recollection of you rejoining the regiment in 1884. You brought with you a brand new game which you called Snooker or Snook-

ers. There were, besides the reds, a black, pink, yellow and green balls."

Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood wrote:

"I remember well your introducing the game of Snookers into the 12th Lancers' Mess when I was a subaltern in the Regiment at Bangalore in 1885."

So there is the whole story and I leave it to members to judge for themselves. Probably both the claims or Sir Neville and our own Frank Smith are equally justified. Most certainly Smith must be given credit for "improvements," as he gave us the brown and blue colours and the standard has remained to this day. But one is inclined to the belief that the "nickname" derived from Woolwich (Eng.) explains how the game got its name. It appears logical and, on the evidence, beyond all dispute.

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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## CARRINGTON AND CUP MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

# SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1944

**The Novice Handicap** (for horses five-years-old and under). A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. ONE MILE.

**The Two-Year-Old Handicap.** A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80 and third horse £40 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. FIVE FURLONGS.

**The Three-Year-Old Handicap.** A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

**The Carrington Stakes.** A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200 and third horse £100 from the prize. SIX FURLONGS.

**Tattersall's Club Cup.** A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. ONE MILE AND A HALF.

**The Trial Stakes** (for horses five-years-old and under). A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice, and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

**The Alfred Hill Handicap.** A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. ONE MILE.

Entries for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

ENTRIES for the Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 29th, 1943.

ENTRIES for the above races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 p.m. on

### MONDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1943.

WEIGHTS for the Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, December 13th, 1943.

WEIGHTS for the minor events will be declared at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 28th December, 1943.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

**PENALTIES:**—In all the above races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb. The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day when one or the other of the races are affected by the conditions of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.



# AMERICAN SPORTS ROUND

With Grantland Rice

## Services Want Sport News.

Reaction to sport in this wartime is positive and differs greatly from 1914-18.

Yet when 1942 rolled in, sport's future was about as blue as indigo, doubled and redoubled.

College and pro football had only a brief season left during which waning talent would play before smaller crowds. There was little chance that any bowl games would be carried through.

Baseball was facing its last world series, probably its last pennant races, until the war had ended.

There would be no big golf tournaments, and such racing as we had left would get no big financial play.

The boxing outlook was packed with even deeper gloom. All the good fighters were in uniform.

The early autumn air was rife with the buzz of melancholy prophesies. It was all pretty gloomy.

But while we were sending some 10,000,000 fighting men into the air, below and along the seas, and along the earth around the world, sport still had one of its greatest years.

And if sport in any way slowed down the War effort, we have been getting some odd box scores from all fronts.

For in 1943 all sport boomed, and if you care to see what's happening around the racetracks, try to jam in a bet at the 5, 10 and 50 dollar mutual windows without having a rib cracked. Maybe it shouldn't be that way, but that's the way it is.

Those for and against the sporting boom are divided into a brace of odd camps.

Most of those who believe that sport either should be eliminated or cut to small measure are out of the Service. Most of those who favour as good a programme as possible are in the Service.

I have been at many camps and have talked with many Servicemen, and I have yet to find a single entry who doesn't want sport to keep going, largely for his own interest in baseball, football or boxing — especially these three forms of entertainment which come to them

through newspapers, radio and motion pictures.

A few days ago someone came over and said: "There's a grey-haired gentleman over there who wants to see you." The grey-haired gentleman was Dwight Davis, donor of the Davis Cup and former Secretary of War.

"I have a son over seas," Mr. Davis said, "and he wants to know how we can get more sporting news to the fighting fronts. He says they want that more than anything else. Is there some way we can help them out?"

I believe from this you can understand the big change from 1918 to 1943.

## A Matter of Years.

Man-o'-War at the age of 26 is still fathering winners, which has precipitated an argument on the best ages.

Experts reckoned that the best winning average was between 8 and 15 years. Others considered that Man-o'-War, even at 26, could sire another champion.

It is just as well to remember that a 20-year-old stallion is as old as a man of 60 or 70. In other words, the sunset is moving in.

Mares are an entirely different proposition, but fast racing mares seldom produce winning offspring.

"It's just the same," said Dr. Mayo of the famous Mayo Clinic, "on the human side. With few exceptions, athletic women seldom produce champions in sport. It is a matter of being over-muscled and also the exhaustion of energy in training and competition."

Dr. Mayo said: "Just tell me the names of any women stars in sport who have had any famous sons or daughters on the athletic side. I can see your point of view when it comes to mares in the racing game."

At the moment I can't recall a woman star in sport who had either a son or a daughter in the upper brackets of competition. There must be a few. But their names escape me. There was certainly no athletic prominence attached to the mothers of Babe Ruth, Jim Thorpe, Ty

Cobb, Bobbie Jones, Helen Wills, Patty Berg, Babe Didrikson, Bronko Nagurski, Glenna Collett, Joe Louis, Gene Tunney and many others known to headline fame.

There have been a few exceptions on the male side — but not many.

It is quite possible that someone else can prove that I am wrong and slip me the right answer.

## Jockeys, Their Rights and Condition

Has any organisation the right to bar a man without offering any reason?

Apparently it has no such prerogative in the case of Bobby Merritt against the Jockey Club.

The case will come to trial and the last-named association will have to offer such proof as it has against jockey Merritt.

This is where the tangle arises. Quite apart from this case, it is almost impossible to prove that a rider has deliberately pulled a horse or thrown a race.

Twenty experts may be dead sure that this happened, but proving it beyond any doubt is another affair.

As one of the leading trainers told me: "We can see a jockey pull a horse. We can be fairly sure he wasn't riding to win. But when a boy says he had to pull up to go inside, or to get outside, or for some other reason, what can you do about it?"

On the other hand, it isn't likely that any court will allow a jockey to be barred unless proof can be offered that he was guilty of something that demanded punishment.

Racing is a peculiar business. There is nothing certain about the actions or health of any horse. The jockey situation is even more complicated.

Entirely too many of these riders make no pretence at any form of training or conditioning. You can find quite a few around night clubs long after midnight.

On the other side, trained experts can be sure that some riders are cheating, but proving it in court is beyond their power.

If jockeys were given a free hand to act as they like there'd be no racing six months from now.



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# CUP TIME IN MELBOURNE

## PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

(By W.G.H.)

Returning to Melbourne for the 1943 Cup found an altered Southern city, trying hard to recapture the gaiety of happier years, some of its stately decorum now a hurly-burly, ghosts in Collins Street, but despite all the greens and shadings of St. Kilda Road a delightful relief from bricks and mortar.

For Melbourne has taken it, on the chin, and on all sides there is evidence that it is recovering only now a mental balance disturbed by an allied invasion.

Melbourne always was a rigid city by regulation, and few dared even in an absent-minded moment to jay-walk against traffic lights. Traffic lights were an institution for discipline. All that has gone by the board.

Yes it is news, for pedestrians walk against the lights now quite as well as their Sydney neighbours.

Consumption of light — or heavy refreshments — always was a gay adventure, but now it is only a memory, that is outside the prescribed hours.

Interstate visitors were exasperated by Melbourne's Sabbath in the good old days. Now they remain thirsty and like it, apart from the 6 to 8 p.m. period in dining-rooms for guests only.

The reverse side of the picture is provided by the growing numbers of diners-out. The leisurely saunterer to any dining-hall after lingering over the bright chatter and aperitifs will find himself in Mother Hubbard's class.

Somehow one accepts high-pressure eating in Sydney, but 50 to 60 hungry folk clamouring at the door for an austerity dinner does not seem to fit in with the Melbourne scheme of decorum.

Front rankers in the assault not infrequently would find some difficulty in pronouncing themselves fair dinkum Australian, if they were quite sure what the term particularly signified.

This war has put many men and women on their feet, particularly Melbournians caught abroad after

midnight. Most public transport does the Cinderella act on the stroke of midnight. If caught away from home or what constitutes one's temporary abode after midnight, well it is a nice night for a walk — or was it?

Net result is that breasting the human tide round about Flinders Street Station when picture houses disgorge capacity crowds nightly makes Sydney's worst congestion just a trickle. For our comparative decentralisation there should be much appreciation.

A stroll along Collins Street and round the block in peaceful Cup years meant many happy re-unions, local and interstate. This year there was a constant reminder of ghostly figures, good fellows who were doing their job of work far afield or had completed life's assignment and paid the full price.

Dark Felt's Cup was clear and conclusive, but robbed of its vital interest with no interstate flavour. The course and surroundings were at their brightest, and even the war's inhibitions could not restrict the dazzling dashes of colour of the rose gardens. Roses on Cup day at Flemington are an institution and a

miracle of timing. Nature even seems to co-operate to provide the floral background.

Caulfield Racecourse with its bowling green track still is not available for racing, but to the casual observer there seems little to prevent resumption. Loss of, and damage to, some vital equipment is holding up the re-opening of the course and making available one of the most delightful racecourse settings. There was no more restful and enjoyable diversion than inspecting runners parading under the noble trees of Caulfield's saddling paddock. It was racing de luxe — win or lose.

At least two important features of Melbourne are unchanged, beer and weather. Put yourself in the hands of one of the local lads and he can steer you to some unpretentious tavern where the amber fluid comes straight from the wood to pre-war standards. Local knowledge, however, is handy.

Melbourne weather for Melbournians is a touchy point. I leave it as unchanged with ability to enjoy four seasons in 24 hours.

For all of this and that, the Melbourne Cup will remain Australia's greatest institution and the first peace Cup will be a day of days.

Melbourne folk have determined that it must return to the first November Tuesday and the celebrations will go on until Oaks Day, or two days hence. Only good stayers will see out that Cup celebration course.



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## HILLSTON

**H**ILLSTON, astride the Lachlan River about 330 miles due west of Sydney, is the focal town of a vast area mainly producing wool and wheat.

The town is 400 feet above sea-level, the greatest elevation in the district being Mount Bootheraganda, a peak isolated from the Lachlan Ranges.

In the year 1817 Surveyor-General John Oxley passed through the spot where Hillston now stands and named the plains to the north side of the river "Holdsworthy Plains" and those on the south side "Harrington Plains."

And so the district was first named by John Oxley, but the aborigines, described by Sir Thomas Mitchell during his explorations in 1836 as being a very poor type, were to remain in undisturbed possession for another 30 years and then in 1848 William Hovell, of Hume and Hovell fame, took up Bellingerambil Run in the Lachlan Pastoral District—an area of some 48,000 acres with an estimated grazing capability of 1,200 cattle.

By the early 1850's there was a small settlement at "Daisy Plains," this being the original name of "Redbank" and from these two names have come the town we know to-day as "Hillston."

How and when these names—"Daisy Plains" and "Redbank"—originated is not known, but from an interview with an old inhabitant, published in the "Hillston News" of 1883, comes the information that the first race meeting in Redbank was held in 1854.

William Ward Hill, in the early 60's established the first hotel, the "Redbank," and at that time Mr. Moss had a store next to the hotel whilst James Harvey Pearson and James Brissenden, two of the earliest permanent settlers, were also in business.

At that time also sheep were gradually replacing cattle and fences were appearing on what were over unbounded runs. The need of a Post Office led to an application from certain residents for its establishment only to have their request met by an objection from the State authorities on the grounds that there was another town named Redbank. Obviously it became necessary to change the name of the town and although "Pearsonville" was suggested, it was decided to name it "Hillston" in honour of the man who established the first hotel in the district—William Ward Hill.

James Harvey Pearson and James Brissenden took up the earliest grants in Hill-

ston and Jervis Storrier grew the first wheat in the district in 1866.

Joseph Smith owned "Roto" which Robert Kennedy pioneered in the days when wool was carted to Echuca, southwards on the border.

The story of Hillston's development to 1879 is that of the normal growth of any country village. Streets were formed, houses built, hotels and stores increased in number, land was taken up and the country carried more stock.

On 30th July 1880 a local land office was gazetted and later through the efforts of R. W. Stewart and R. Read, a fine public hospital erected.

Schools and churches followed rapidly and in 1881 the first Pastoral and Agricultural Show was held, the progressive spirit of the citizens again being reflected by the building of the Post Office, the Court House and the bridges over the Lachlan and also the Merrowie and Willandra Creeks.

The memorable eighties continued and in December 1888 the Hillston Municipal Council was incorporated.

The same year brought a great drought which although severe and involving enormous losses in stock, did not prove disastrous as the edible shrubs remained alive and so the district soon recovered.

Full of confidence, Hillston weathered also the financial crisis of 1893; then just after the dawn of the new century, following on several dry seasons, came the tragedy of the 1902 drought. Practically all edible shrubs perished and the great wide plains were bare. Dust storms of great severity swept the country filling in tanks and covering houses and fences.

One station in the Ivanhoe district was abandoned and the story goes that the owner on returning to his home in 1903 could not even find the house.

The ravages of the drought were wide and far-reaching and there was nothing left but to make a fresh start and it says much for the recuperative powers of the district that Hillston did survive this terrible blow although for the next twenty years it made but little progress.

The citizens of Hillston responded magnificently to the calls made upon them during the Great War but after this the district settled back into its old tranquillity until 1922 when there came from Griffith the

long-awaited and welcome railway line, agitated for since 1878. This line later was linked to Roto on the main Sydney-Broken Hill line.

The town awoke—public spirit revived. Huge areas of Crown land were made available for selection and settlers were constantly arriving, so during 1925-1926 a mild land boom resulted. The graziers no longer entirely controlled the district for wheat came into prominence.

New buildings and re-building continued and in 1929 electricity was introduced.

The district supports hundreds of thousands of sheep and also great numbers of cattle and horses. Wool is of course produced in great quantity and there is a vast acreage of land under wheat.

Hillston, a thriving business centre to-day has a pure abundant water supply reticulated to every part of the town. It is the proud possessor of one of the most attractive Show Grounds and Racecourses in the west.

It has been written of Hillston . . . . "The stranger to Hillston could scarcely be blamed for saying that we have a very beautiful and fertile district around our town. . . . The grass and herbage is luxuriant in its growth and entering the town by way of High Street, one is struck by the evidence of civic pride and progress demonstrated by the well-kept garden plots in the centre of the road. The streets also are bordered on either side with concrete kerbs, gutters and asphalt paths."

And so consequent on the increased prices offered for land in the district following its closer settlement—and successions of lean years—the Hillston district, in common with others, has reached that period of re-construction in which the hardy spirit of the pioneers is again making itself evident.



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